

END OF THE LINE

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Summary: Not youre average day in the Marines

1. Chapter 1

****ABOVE EARTH****

****UNSC CALENDER JUNE 5, 2552****

Lieutenant Jack Andrew Winters looked in horror as the ship that his squad and him were previously on, the Divine Crusader, exploded from the inside out. Even though he knew all of its crew had evacuated it in time not all of the life pods, drop ships, and fighter craft had made it far enough away before the explosion. A total of twenty crafts with a total of nearly one hundred and fifty people were instantly killed, the Captain and his command crew being among those that died.

The lieutenant turned away and looked down at his next destination. Earth, riddled with explosions of its own was no better of with the Forerunner ship looming over it from space. All he could do now was hope that he and his squad of spec ops soldiers made it to the surface in one piece. His squad, it finally hit him, his squad of originally ten soldiers was reduced to four including himself over the years that they had been together, causing him to look back five years to their first meeting on Reach.

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****PLANET REACH****

****UNSC CALENDER: MAY 15, 2547****

"So this is the team you put together for us?" Lieutenant Winters asked.

"Yes, this is them. The best soldier's mankind has, aside from the Spartans that is." Replied Winters second in command, Sergeant Nickels.

"And how can they still be privates if there that good?"

"I haven't quite figured that part out yet, but I have seen them on the training grounds. They are all very _very _good."

"We'll see."

And with that Winters left the briefing room that his new team was occupying leaving them all confused at way their commanding officer had not said one word to them.

"Well that went better than I hoped." Nickels murmured to himself.

"Permission to speak freely, sir." one of the soldiers asked Nickels.

Turning around to face the soldier that spoke, Nickels read his name tag before he responded. Cromzen was his name, "_what a strange name."_ he thought

"Permission granted private."

"Sir, why did the Lieutenant not even address us, and why did this meeting go better than you had hoped?"

Nickels looked at each of the eight soldiers in front of him, noticing that they had all heard him mumble to himself.

"Well to be frank I cant tell you why he didn't address you all, but the reason that this went better than I had planed is because he did not say any thing against you being on this team." Replied Nickels.

And at that he to left the room, wondering how they all heard his mumbling.

"So should we tell them that were Spartan 3's?"

"No Jack, at least not yet." Replied Cromzen.

Then another named Smith asked "Well what do we do now? We haven't been dismissed yet."

And with that there came a collective and loud "_shit._"

Elsewhere both lieutenant Winters and Sergeant Nickels could not shake the feeling that they forgot something.

Short, I know but this is my first fic. Please R&R

2. Chapter 2

****PLANET REACH****

****UNSC CALENDER MAY 16, 2547****

Lieutenant Winters walked down the halls to the briefing room that his new team had occupied yesterday. Thinking that he had left something there he decided to take his time. Upon reaching the door he found Sergeant Nickels standing there apparently waiting for him.

"Sir, I think there may be a problem with our team."

Avoiding the fact that Nickels forgot to salute Winters decided to ignore him, entering the briefing room deaf to the Sergeant's comment not to. And what exactly did he find but his eight soldiers still standing at attention, at this sight Winters had a face that said I think I just shit my self. Every single one of the eight soldiers were all sound. Suddenly Lieutenant Winters got a very large and scary grin on his face; Nickels could only cower in fear at this sight unable to warn the Lieutenants sleeping prey.

Winters knew exactly what he wanted to do but, unfortunate for him and fortunate for every one else on the base, before he could exact revenge on something that he his self caused the eight soldiers woke up to Sergeant Nickels whimpering. Not even reacting to the Lieutenants demonic facial expression, performed a perfect salute hand held it until Lieutenant Winters returned it and gave but two orders.

"At ease, oh and your dismissed."

And with that grabbed the still distraught Sergeant Nickels by the collar and exited the room.

"Alone again."

"Shut up Mary."

"Make me Stan."

"Hey here's an idea, both of you shut up."

"Leave them alone Jack."

"No way Jen."

"Can we just go back to the barracks now?"

"Oh, does poor little Mike want to get some sleep."

"Go to hell Johnson."

"After you Mike."

"And here comes another stupid fight."

"True that, Stan."

"Thank you, Bob."

"Every one shut up and get to the barracks now." Yelled Cromzen.
Followed by a collective,

"Yes, sir."

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